Supernatural; Lucifer/Castiel; "I could make every awful, filthy little wish of yours come true, if you'd only beg it of me."

R, violent & dark and basically how I generally write my Lucifer/Castiel. There's even a little snippet in it of Hell!Cas, aka dark-n-twisted-beyond-redemption!Cas.

Dec. 5th, 2010 11:50 am (UTC)

R, violent & dark

Lucifer reaches out and uses his thumb to wipe away the blood on Castiel's cheek, before smiling at him. It's a cruel smile, full of teeth. Castiel looks away from it, arms hanging useless from his sides, still seconds away before what's left of his Grace kicks in and brings his body back to perfect condition.

"Castiel," Lucifer says, and the name is a pronunciation of victory, a casual tasting of how it sounds on the tongue and a jail sentence all at once. "You need only tell me want you want and I will give it to you. Gift-wrapped even, and in a bow."

"I want nothing from you," Castiel says, and Lucifer looks sad, pitying for a moment. There is a subtle slumping in his shoulders, and then Lucifer drives a fist into Castiel's stomach.

Castiel folds, bringing up blood as he stumbles, and Lucifer grabs his hair, and with that hold he keeps Castiel upright.

"If you would only ask," Lucifer says. "I would give you anything you wanted."

Castiel says nothing, and waits in silence for his body to heal.

(and now Hell!Cas)

This Castiel has stains on his soul so deep and bled in that he can never be redeemed. This Castiel brings Lucifer offerings, sacrifices of blood and bone and feathers, plucked from angels unfortunate to be walking the Earth when Castiel is allowed this.

Lucifer welcomes these gifts and gives back the only thing that Castiel ever wants now: he gives him touches that are sometimes gentle, sometimes painful, he kisses him with a violence that would destroy anything lesser than an angel, and he lets Castiel remain by his side, lets the angel stay on his shoulder as he goes about his business.

All Castiel asks for is to never be left alone again, and Lucifer gives it to him.

(and now back)

There are raised welts on Castiel's arms, and there is blood on Castiel's forehead. Lucifer wipes it off, gentle as a nursemaid as he helps Castiel stumble back onto

the bed.

Lucifer lays him out, straightens limbs so that they will heal correctly, and he kisses Castiel gently, lightly.

"I could make every awful, *filthy* little wish of yours come true," Lucifer whispers as Castiel closes his eyes, "if you'd only beg it of me."

Castiel shivers, and it might be from want, or from fear, or simply from the strain his body is suffering under.

Lucifer kisses Castiel's lips then, extending an offer of his own Grace towards Castiel, reaching across the distance, as he has so many times before.

Castiel reaches for it, eyes closed, not thinking of anything but the relief it will bring, and Lucifer tugs it away just as Castiel brushes over the gift.

Castiel's eyes open.

"Beg for it," Lucifer whispers.

Castiel stares at him, and for a long moment everything is still and silent.

There is the unsettling sound of Castiel's bones mending themselves, an unnatural sound that never fails to make Castiel cringe involuntarily.

Castiel closes his eyes.

"Please," he whispers, and Lucifer pours his Grace into Castiel, and fills him with cold light that heals and makes Castiel new.

"What do you want?" Lucifer whispers to him, trailing fingers over Castiel's torn coat and shirt, touching skin where the fabric is torn apart. "What do you wish for?"

Castiel says nothing, but Lucifer smiles as he leans up. His stubborn angel will bend, and in bending break, and then, when he begs, Lucifer will give him everything.